The National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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EVERY-DAY LIFE of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

On the morning of the 11th of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln left his home in Springfield for the scene where he was to spend the most anxious, toilsome, and painful years of his life. An elaborate program had been prepared for his journey to Washington, which was to conduct him through the principal cities of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and consume much of the time intervening before the 4th of March. Special trains, preceded by pilot-engines, were prepared for his accommodation. He was accompanied at his departure by his wife and three sons, and a party of friends, including Gov. Yates, ex-Gov. Moore, Dr. W. M. Wallace (his brother-in-law), N. B. Judd, O. H. Browning, Ward H. Lamon, David Davis, Col. E. E. Ellsworth, and John M. Hay and J. G. Nicolay, afterwards his private secretaries. Mr. Lamon, describing the incidents of his leave-taking, says: 'It was a gloomy day; heavy clouds floated overhead, and a cold rain was falling. Long before 8 o'clock a great mass of people had collected at the station of the Great Western Railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before 8, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the depot building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full hight, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more than he did then. There was an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had lifted him from the lowest to the highest estate on earth? Of the weary road which had brought him to this lofty summit? Of his poor mother lying beneath the tangled underbrush in a distant forest? Of that other grave in the quiet Concord cemetery? Whatever the particular character of his thoughts, it is evident that they were retrospective and painful. To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the Nation might hang, it seemed long until he had mastered his feelings sufficiently to speak. At length he began, in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, many in the crowd stood with heads uncovered in the fast-falling rain."

FAREWELL SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD.

"MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my position, can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Abraham Lincoln spoke none but true and sincere words, and none more true and heartfelt ever fell from his lips than these, so laden with pathos, with humility, with a craving for the sympathy of his friends and the people, and for help above and beyond all earthly power and love.

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

The route chosen for the journey to Washington was a somewhat circuitous one, traversing the States of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and passing through Maryland to the District of Columbia. It seems to have been the desire of Mr. Lincoln to meet personally the people of the great Northern States, upon whose devotion and loyalty he prophetically felt he must depend for the salvation of the Republic. Everywhere he met the warmest and most generous greetings from the throngs assembled at the railway stations in the various cities through which he passed. At Indianapolis, where the first important halt was made, cannon announced the arrival of the party, and a royal welcome was accorded the distinguished traveler. In this, as in the other cities at which he stopped, Mr. Lincoln made a brief address to the people. On each occasion his remarks were well considered and temperate. His manner was serious, his expressions thoughtful and feeling. He entreated the people to be calm and patient; to stand by the principles of liberty inwrought into the fabric of the Constitution; to have faith in the strength and reality of the Government, and faith in his purpose to discharge his duties honestly and impartially. He referred continually to his trust in the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to guide the Nation safely out of its present peril and perplexity. "I judge," he said at Columbus, "that all we want is time and patience, and a reliance in that God who has never forsaken His people." Again he said: "Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this; and this great Nation shall continue to prosper as heretofore." And, alluding more definitely to his purposes for the future, he declared: "I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am—none who would do more to preserve it. But it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly."

A HAND-SHAKING EPISODE.

At the conclusion of Mr. Lincoln's speech at Columbus a tremendous crowd surged forward to shake his hand. It was something fearful. Says Dr. Holland: "Every man in the crowd was anxious to wrench the hand of Abraham Lincoln. He finally gave both hands to the work, with great good nature. To quote one of the reports of the occasion: 'People plunged at his arms with frantic enthusiasm, and all the infinite variety of shades, from the wild and irrepressible pump-handle movement to the dead grip, was executed upon the devoted dexter and sinister of the President. Some glanced at his face as they grasped his hand; others invoked the blessings of Heaven upon him; others affectionately gave him their last gasping assurance of devotion; others, bewildered and furious, with hats crushed over their eyes, seized his hands in a convulsive grasp, and passed on as if they had not the remotest idea who, what, or where they were.' The President at last escaped, and took refuge in the Governor's residence, although he held a levee at the State House in the evening, where, in a more quiet way, he met many prominent citizens."

AN UNCOMFORTABLE RIDE.

At Cincinnati, where Mr. Lincoln had had so unfavorable an experience a few years before, a magnificent ovation greeted him. The scene is freshly described by one who witnessed it—Hon. William Henry Smith, at that time a resident of Cincinnati. "It was on the 13th of February," writes Mr. Smith, "that Mr. Lincoln reached the Queen City. The day was mild for Midwinter, but the sky was overcast with clouds, emblematic of the gloom that filled the hearts of the unnumbered thousands who thronged the streets and covered the house-tops. Mr. Lincoln rode in an open carriage, standing erect, with uncovered head, and steadying himself by holding on to a board fastened to the front part of the vehicle. A more uncomfortable ride than this, over the bowldered streets of Cincinnati, cannot well be imagined. Perhaps a journey over the broken roads of Eastern Russia, in a tarantass, would secure to the traveler as great a degree of discomfort. Mr. Lincoln bore it with characteristic patience. His face was very sad, but he seemed to take a deep interest in everything.

"It was not without due consideration that the President-elect touched on the border of a slave State on his way to the Capital. In his speech in reply to the Mayor of Cincinnati, recognizing the fact that among his auditors were thousands of Kentuckians, he addressed them directly, calling them 'Friends,' 'Brethren.' He reminded them that, when speaking in Fifth Street Market Square in 1859, he had promised that when the Republicans came into power they would treat the Southern or slave-holding people as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated them; to interfere with their institutions in no way; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, and 'to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly.' Then, to emphasize this, he said—in a passage omitted by Mr. Raymond and all other biographers of Lincoln:

SPEECH AT CINCINNATI.

"'And now, fellow-citizens of Ohio, have you who agree in political sentiment with him who now addresses you, ever entertained other sentiments towards our brethren of Kentucky than those I have expressed to you? [Loud and repeated cries of 'No!' 'No!'] If not, then why shall we not, as heretofore, be recognized and acknowledged as brethren again, living in peace and harmony, one with another? [Cries of 'We will!'] I take your response as the most reliable evidence that it may be so, along with other evidence, trusting to the good sense of the American people, on all sides of all rivers in America, under the Providence of God, who has never deserted us, that we shall again be brethren, forgetting all parties—ignoring all parties.'

"This statesmanlike expression of conservative opinion alarmed some of the Republicans, who feared that the new President might sell out his party; and steps were taken, later in the day, to remind him of certain principles deemed fundamental by those who had been attracted to the party of freedom. The sequel will show how this was done, and how successfully Mr. Lincoln met the unexpected attack.

GERMAN FREE WORKINGMEN.

"In the evening, in company with R. H. Stephenson and Edward F. Noyes (afterwards the gallant General), I called at Mr. Lincoln's rooms at the Burnet House to pay my respects. Of those who were present, I recall Richard Smith, Judge Dickson, Flamen Ball (partner of Mr. Chase), Frederick Hassaurek, and Enoch T. Carson, well know Republicans, afterwards conspicuous in the work of saving the Union. Mr. Lincoln had put off the melancholy mood that appeared to control him during the day, and was entertaining those present with genial, even lively, conversation. The pleasant entertainment was interrupted by the announcement that a delegation of German workingmen were about to serenade Mr. Lincoln. Proceeding to the balcony, there were seen the faces of nearly 2,000 of the substantial German citizens who had voted for Mr. Lincoln because they believed him to be a stout champion of free labor and free homesteads. The remarks of their spokesman, Frederick Oberkleine, set forth in clear terms what they expected. He said: 'We, the German free workingmen of Cincinnati, avail ourselves of this opportunity to assure you, our chosen Chief Magistrate, of our sincere and heartfelt regard. You earned our votes as the champion of Free Labor and Free Homesteads. Our vanquished opponents have, in recent times, made frequent use of the terms "Workingmen" and "Workingmen's Meetings," in order to create an impression that the mass of workingmen were in favor of compromises between the interests of free labor and slave labor, by which the victory just won would be turned into a defeat. This is a despicable device of dishonest men. We spurn such compromises. We firmly adhere to the principles which directed our votes in your favor. We trust that you, the self-reliant because self-made man, will uphold the Constitution and the laws against secret treachery and avowed treason. If to this end you should be in need of men, the German free workingmen, with others, will rise as one man at your call, ready to risk their lives in the effort to maintain the victory already won by freedom over slavery.'

"This was bringing the rugged issue boldly to the front, and challenging the President-elect to meet the issue, or risk the loss of the support of an important section of his own party. Oberkleine spoke with great effect, but the remarks were hardly his own. Some abler man had put into his mouth these significant words. Mr. Lincoln replied, very deliberately, but without hesitation, as follows:

"'MR. CHAIRMAN:—I thank you, and those you represent, for the compliment paid me by the tender of this address. In so far as there is an allusion to our present national difficulty, and the suggestion of the views of the gentlemen who present this address, I beg you will excuse me from entering particularly upon it. I deem it due to myself and the whole country, in the present extraordinary condition of the country and of public opinion, that I should wait and see the last development of public opinion before I give my views or express myself at the time of the inauguration. I hope at that time to be false to nothing you have been taught to expect of me. [Cheers.]

"I agree with you, Mr. Chairman, and with the address of your constituents, in the declaration that workingmen are the basis of all governments. That remark is due to them more than to any other class, for the reason that there are more of them than of any other class. And as your address is presented to me not only on behalf of workingmen, but especially of Germans, I may say a word as to classes. I hold that the value of life is to improve one's condition. Whatever is calculated to advance the condition of the honest, struggling laboring man, so far as my judgment will enable me to judge of a correct thing, I am for that thing.

"An allusion has been made to the Homestead Law. I think it worthy of consideration, and that the wild lands of the country should be distributed so that every man should have the means and opportunity of benefiting his condition. [Cheers.] I have said that I do not desire to enter into details, nor will I.

"In regard to Germans and foreigners. I esteem foreigners no better than other people—nor any worse. [Laughter and cheers.] They are all of the great family of men, and if there is one shackle upon any of them, it would be far better to lift the load from them than to pile additional loads upon them. [Cheers.] And inasmuch as the continent of America is comparatively a new country, and the other countries of the world are old countries, there is more room here, comparatively speaking, than there is elsewhere; and if they can better their condition by leaving their old homes, there is nothing in my heart to forbid them coming, and I bid them all God speed. [Cheers.] Again, gentlemen, thanking you for your address, I bid you good-night.'

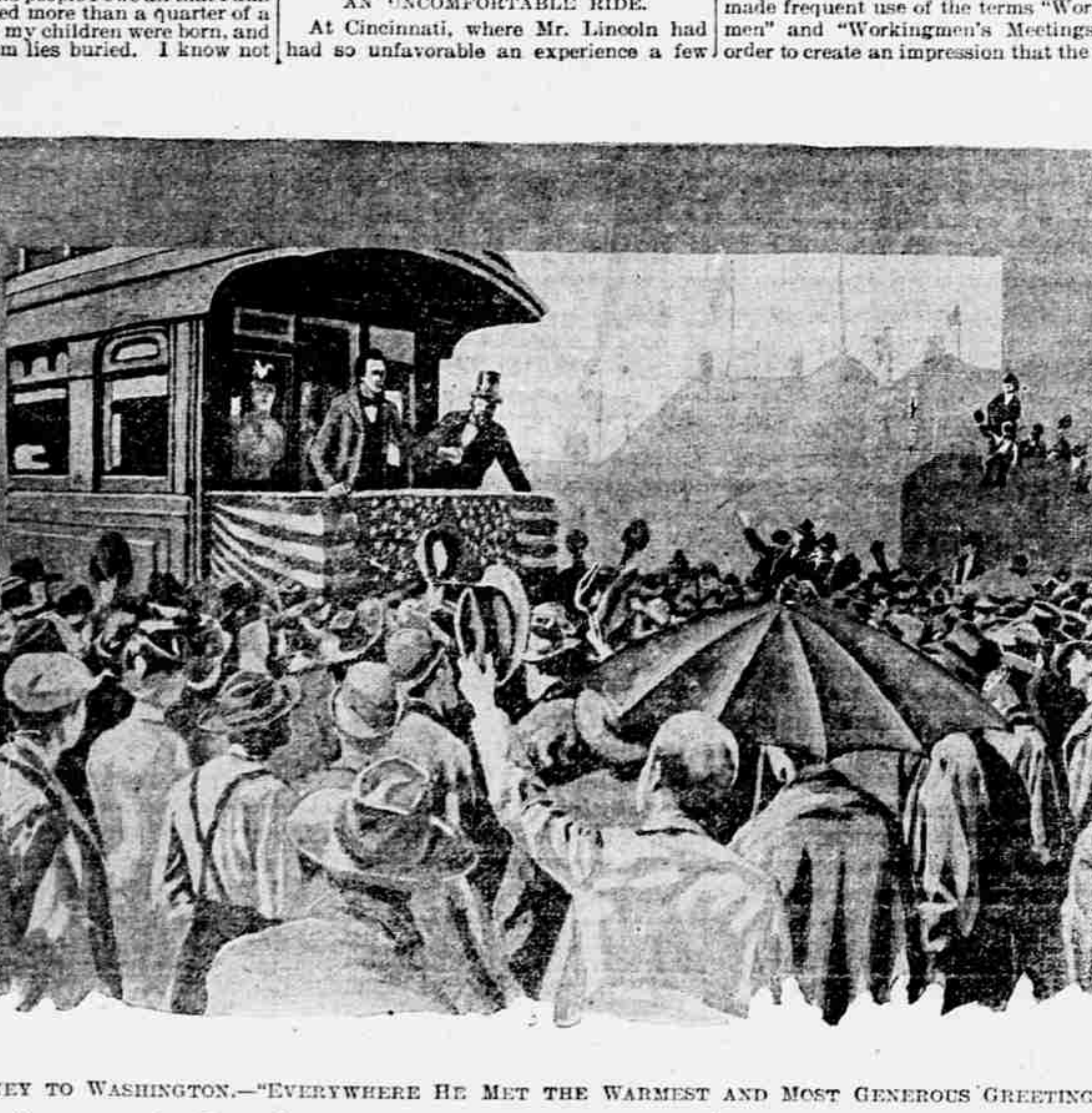
"If any one had expected to trap Mr. Lincoln into imprudent utterances, or the indulgence of the rhetoric of a demagogue, this admirable reply showed how completely they were disappointed. The preservation of this speech is due to my accidental presence. This visitation of the Germans was not on the program, and none of the representatives of the press charged with the duty of reporting the events of the day were present. On observing this, I took short-hand notes on the envelope of an old letter loaned me for the occasion by Mr. Stephenson, and afterwards wrote them out. The words of Mr. Lincoln, exactly as spoken, are given above."

AT CLEVELAND—PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN.

At Cleveland the party remained over for a day, and Mr. Lincoln was greeted with the usual friendly enthusiasm. An immense crowd met him at the depot, and he was escorted to the Weddell House, where a reception was given him in the evening. The Hon. A. G. Riddle, then a resident of Cleveland, and a newly-elected member of the Congress which was to share with Mr. Linclon the burdens and responsibilities of the Civil War, was present on that occasion, and furnishes some interesting personal recollections of it. "I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time," writes Mr. Riddle, "at the Weddell House that evening. He stood on the landing-place at the top of a broad stairway, and the crowd approached him from below. This gave him an exaggerated advantage of his six feet four inches of length. The shapelessness of the lathy form, the shock of coarse black hair surmounting the large head, the retreating forehead—these were not apparent where we stood. My heart sprang up to him—the coming man. Of the thousand times I afterward saw him, the first view remains the most distinct impression; and never again to me was he more imposing. As we approached him, some one whispered of me to him; for he took my hand in both his for an instant, and we wheeled into the already crowded rooms. His manner was strongly Western; his speech and pronunciation Southwestern. Wholly without self-consciousness with men, he was constrained and ill at ease, surrounded, as he several times was, by well-dressed ladies. One incident of the evening was a trial. Ab McElrath was in the crowd,—a handsome giant, an Apollo in youth, of about Mr. Linclon's hight. What brought it about, I do not know; but I saw them standing back to pack, in a contest of altitude,—Mr. Linclon and Ab McElrath,—the President-elect, the chosen, the Nation's leader in the thick-coming darkness, and the tavern-keeper and fox-hunter. The crowd applauded.

"Mr. Lincoln presented me to the gentlemen of his party—Mr. Browning, Mr. Judd, and Mr. Lamon, I remember, as I later became very well acquainted with them: also the rough looking Col. Sumner, of the army. Mr. Lincoln invited me to accompany him, for at least a day, on his eastward journey. I joined him the next morning at the station. The vivacity of the night before had utterly vanished, and the rudely-sculptured, cliffy face struck me as one of the saddest I had ever seen. The eyes, especially, had a depth of melancholy which I had never seen in eyes before. Some things he wished to know from me, especially, regarding Mr. Chase, whom, among others, he had called to Springfield. He asked me no direct questions, but I very soon found myself speaking freely to him, and was able to explain some not well-known features of Ohio politics—and much to his satisfaction, as he let me see. There was then some talk of Mr. Seward, and more of Senator Cameron. All three had been his rivals at Chicago, and were, as I then thought, in his mind as possible Cabinet ministers. Of course, no word was said by him of such an idea in reference to either. Presently he conducted me to Mrs. Lincoln, whom I had not before seen. Presenting me, he returned to the gentlemen of the party, and I saw little more of him, save he once returned to us, before I left the train. Mrs. Lincoln impressed me very favorably, as a woman of spirit, intelligence, and decided opinions, which she put very clearly. Our conversation was mainly of her husband. I remarked that all the likenesses I had ever seen of him did him injustice.

(Continued on seventh page.)



THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.—"EVERYWHERE HE MET THE WARMEST AND MOST GENEROUS GREETINGS."

LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

SAND TOWN ROAD, RIGHT FLANK OF TWENTY-THIRD CORPS, NEAR ATLANTA, GA., Monday, Aug. 10, 1864.

We were in a fierce little fight on Sunday. We had been fighting, skirmishing, and driving the rebels all day last Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday morning had just got fixed behind strong fortifications, so we could stand the furious shelling in comparative safety. For a while we were in bad shape, and were exposed in front and flank to the fire of 10 guns, and hardly dared to stand up for fear of a shell. All around were thick woods and for some distance in front, and we could not see the rebel lines and forts, and could not even get a place for our artillery. Thus it was up to noon: I lay under my shelter, writing, and thought the rebs would not do any firing, as it was Sunday.

About noon Gen. Sherman came along, and some said he was laying out work for us; and sure enough in an hour orders were given for an advance in the lines. Our regiment was put in front of the brigade as skirmishers; we went out in the woods to the skirmish line, formed, and when the advance was ordered we started, every one for himself, so they kept in a general line. We had the privilege of running from tree to tree and taking advantage of any favorable ground.

ADVANCING UNDER A HEAVY FIRE.

Col. Pearce was sick and Capt. Jewett was in command. Each company was told what to do, and all we had to do was to go in. It was an exciting time as they started forward. Our men slipped forward to the edge of the woods, without much alarm to the rebs, but as soon as they came into open view of the rebel lines things changed greatly. The rebs opened out with a heavy volley of musketry that was almost deafening, and then their artillery blazed forth with shell and grapeshot. The rebs shot too high, and amid the crashing shells and hum of bullets one would think everybody would be killed; but very few were hurt.

Our boys fairly "went for" their first line, and it was a thrilling sight to see them climbing over and routing the rebs. The most of the rebs in this line were taken prisoners, as they had no chance to get away, after standing to fight as they did. One of our Co. E boys took a Lieutenant and three others prisoners. The Lieutenant gave the boy (Jim Murray) a fine revolver and his sword belt.

The next thing was to take the second line; for clear up the hill there stretched four lines of red-dirt fortifications, with head-logs on each one. After our boys got straighened up and the rear regiments were up, they went for the rebs again. The next line was taken easily, the rebs running like a flock of sheep.

The next line was held in strong force, and our men stopped until some of the regiments on the right were up; they then went forward again, and had a fierce fight for about 10 minutes.

GALLANTRY OF THE 98TH OHIO.

The rebs on the flanks got to firing on the flank, and the troops on the left not coming up, our regiment fell back and we lost several prisoners, and one left wounded on the works. We determined not to give it up; more skirmishers were sent to help, and charging again, the connection was made, and all our boys recaptured and with them another lot of Johnnies. The 98th Ohio was the farthest advanced on the whole line, and could not go on without the rest, so the balance of the brigade was hurried forward and took position behind the captured works, and with picks and spades went to work to alter the works to suit the side we were on. In half an hour we were safe and would have been glad to have the rebs charge us.

As our regiment had the advance during the day, we were allowed to go back to our camp to sleep, while the rest of the brigade worked all night to make the lines more secure. By morning embrasures were made for three pieces of artillery, and the guns were sent forward and put into position, distant but 200 yards from the main line of the enemy. By 8 o'clock the rebs opened with their guns, but their shells did little damage, as the men in the rear lines were under the hill and thus protected.

SILENCING THE REBEL BATTERY.

No sooner had the rebs begun than our three pieces opened out and surprised them, and our men cheered at seeing them so taken back. Our guns soon knocked the head-logs off the rebel works and dried up their battery and otherwise kept them so brow-beaten that they fired but very little.

On Monday at noon orders came for us to get ready to move in light marching order—that is, with nothing but gun, blankets and haversacks. Such orders indicated a fight, and we expected one. We marched to the front, and down the Sand Town Road to this place, which is on the extreme right of the whole army. There are four regiments of us, each from a different brigade, and we are here to guard the roads so no cavalry can get into the rear of our troops and destroy our wagon-trains.

We are behind a line of breastworks in thick woods, and like the situation much better than back in the trenches, where shells and bullets are flying so plentifully. Down at the edge of the woods our pickets are posted; in front of them, extending a mile each way, is clear ground, where we can see the rebs if they choose to advance. Large fields of corn are near, and we are enjoying the luxury of roasting-ears.

I climbed a tree this afternoon, and with a glass had a view of the country. Facing the northwest, I could see the great wilderness of country over which we had passed, including the river hills, where the Chattahoochee runs; and beyond where Kenesaw Mountain ended the river. North all was a level plain of tree tops; to the south and our right flank the country was more open and many fields and farms were to be seen. East and in front were our lines, and beyond were those of the rebels. The lines of red dirt, skirmish posts, campfires and smoke and an occasional puff of white smoke, all formed a faithful picture of army movements and of war.

"I CLIMBED A TREE, WITH A GLASS, TO VIEW THE COUNTRY."

RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY, BEFORE ATLANTA, Friday Evening, Aug. 12, 1864.

I am comfortably fixed up in snug private quarters, near Regimental Headquarters, and all things being inviting, I will begin a letter.

I am unusually well provided with accommodations to-night, within my strongly-fortified cave; have a seat fixed up and a table to write on; candles burning, and everything in style. The floor is covered thickly with pleasant smelling pine branches, which serve, as the fresh green grass, for a soft carpet and a bed.

The wagon was up to-day, and for the first time for over two weeks, I got to throw off a dirty, greasy woolen shirt for a clean one. All these things, with the advent of a mail, causes me to feel first rate. The pictures in the Harper's received. They are very interesting to us down here, and the sketches of Theodore Davis especially so. One of his pictures of the top of Kenesaw was very accurate. It showed the very logs and rocks behind which the rebels worked their batteries on us, where I watched them with a glass one afternoon.

"BUCKSKIN'S BATTERY."

The most famous battery with us is "Buckskin's" battery It is Battery I, 1st Ohio Art. and commanded by a remarkable fellow, whom I wrote of at the beginning of the campaign. I don't know his name; he is called "Buckskin" in general usage. He is a young, smooth-faced German, and a graduate of a military institution in Prussia. He has a three-years' leave of absence, and came here to "learn war." He dresses in light buckskin breeches, a close-fitting round-a-bout, an a small white hat. He beats them all for his daring, active duty with his battery. He goes out on the skirmish line with his guns frequently.

He volunteers to go to any dangerous part of the lines, and goes closer than any other battery at Kenesaw. He was constantly at work in pointblank range of the rebel lines, and in the face of fire of many more guns than his own. Many were the blessings the infantry gave him for "drying up" the rebel guns that were playing on them. On several occasions he went out under fire, posted his guns under a favorable rise in the ground, and by his pluck and skill silenced the enemy in his front.

This officer always fires his six guns in rapid succession, and the rebs have to dodge his six shells at once; his battery is always distinguished along the lines by its volley-firing. He always sits on his horse by his guns, and watches through a glass the effect of his shells, and directs his gunners how to fire.

Well, the humming bullets over head remind me of our situation. When I last wrote we were down on the right flank of our army, guarding it against rebel cavalry. We had a glorious time, compared with what we expected when we started; instead of fatiguing service and a fight, we had a good rest, out of reach of bullets, and where we could forage for all the good things to eat imaginable.

We captured roasting-ears, sweet potatoes, apples, peaches and watermelons—all this in Georgia. Nothing has done us so much good as to get these vegetables. We hardly dared tell all we had when we went back, for fear of a fuss. When we went out, the boys all said they pitied us for the hard service we were likely to have.

DEATH OF COL. VAN VLECK.

We stayed in the trenches we had fought for another day, and then moved down here, a mile distant and further to the right. We were in a dangerous place in those trenches, and many were killed in them every day. Col. Van Vleck was struck in the head while sitting in his quarters. He was the best Colonel in our brigade, and the service loses a noble officer and the country a good citizen. War is most sad and terrible to a people. When will the people of this Nation have their full measure given them?

We are besieging Atlanta, and the time may be short or long when it will be taken. Our regiment is in the front line, and the rebs across a ravine about 300 yards distant; bullets are flying all the time, and one does not know when he may be struck. A member of Co. E was shot to-day. I was standing near him and saw him fall. The military state of affairs looks a little dark just now, and a heavy cloud seems to hang over us, and our seeming slow progress is rather hard to endure.

RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY, NEAR EAST POINT, GA., Aug. 25, 1864.

Everything is dull and movements here are slow just now, and we lie here in the lines engaged in monotonous duties. Times are easy for all and we have had a good rest for the past 10 days. Our regiment goes on the skirmish line every five days, and the rest of the time is spent doing nothing in particular.

Skirmish fire is still kept up, however, and bullets are whizzing through camp unceasingly. Some times they strike a limb of a tree and glance down among us, and it is these that are most dangerous. Any one in camp is liable to be killed at any minute; but no one seems to think about it; all have become so used to the dangers that they scarcely dodge from a shot that comes within two feet of them. Efforts are made at times to stop the shooting, but it is a hard thing to do. The rebs will agree to quit, but the next day another regiment will be on, and they break the truce.

The worst rebs to get along with are the Texans, and next those from Florida, and the easiest ones the Georgians themselves; the very ones whom one would think would feel the most like defending their "sacred soil" most desperately, and the first ones to propose a truce on the skirmish line. Truces are generally gotten up by one of our boys calling over to "Johnny" for some tobacco, and the rebs will trade a large piece for a canteen or other necessaries that are scarce with them.

The 30th and 31st Ga. are opposite us, and are pretty good friends with the 98th Ohio. One of their men called over and asked about the family that still occupied their house near our lines. This family still holds out and have not been harmed much thus far. We will soon have active operations again, and have something more to do than to kill time.

George Jepson and I took a walk home with Lieut. Thoburn, who was over to see us, from the 50th Ohio. It was a pleasant moonlight walk through the camps and woods, passing deserted fortifications and new-cut roads. At their camp we sat around talking with the boys of the 50th, and Jepson and I started back and had a grand talk about old times and people around St. Clairsville.

Thursday evening.—The Adjutant was up at Department Headquarters and learned that a big move was on hand; the main part of the army is to break loose from in front of Atlanta and swing around and splice on to our right. We will abandon the piece of railroad from the city back to the river, and board ourselves from the wagon-trains that will be stationed along with us. This move will likely raise a fuss among the rebs, and if they do not leave the city we are bound to get the Macon Road, and they will have to come out. The only thing for them to do is to pitch into us while we are on the move and try to break this flank. Time will show how things will work. Jeff. C. Davis takes command of our corps, since Gen. Palmer has resigned. We call this place "Near East Point," as we are nearer to it than we are to Atlanta.

(To be continued.)